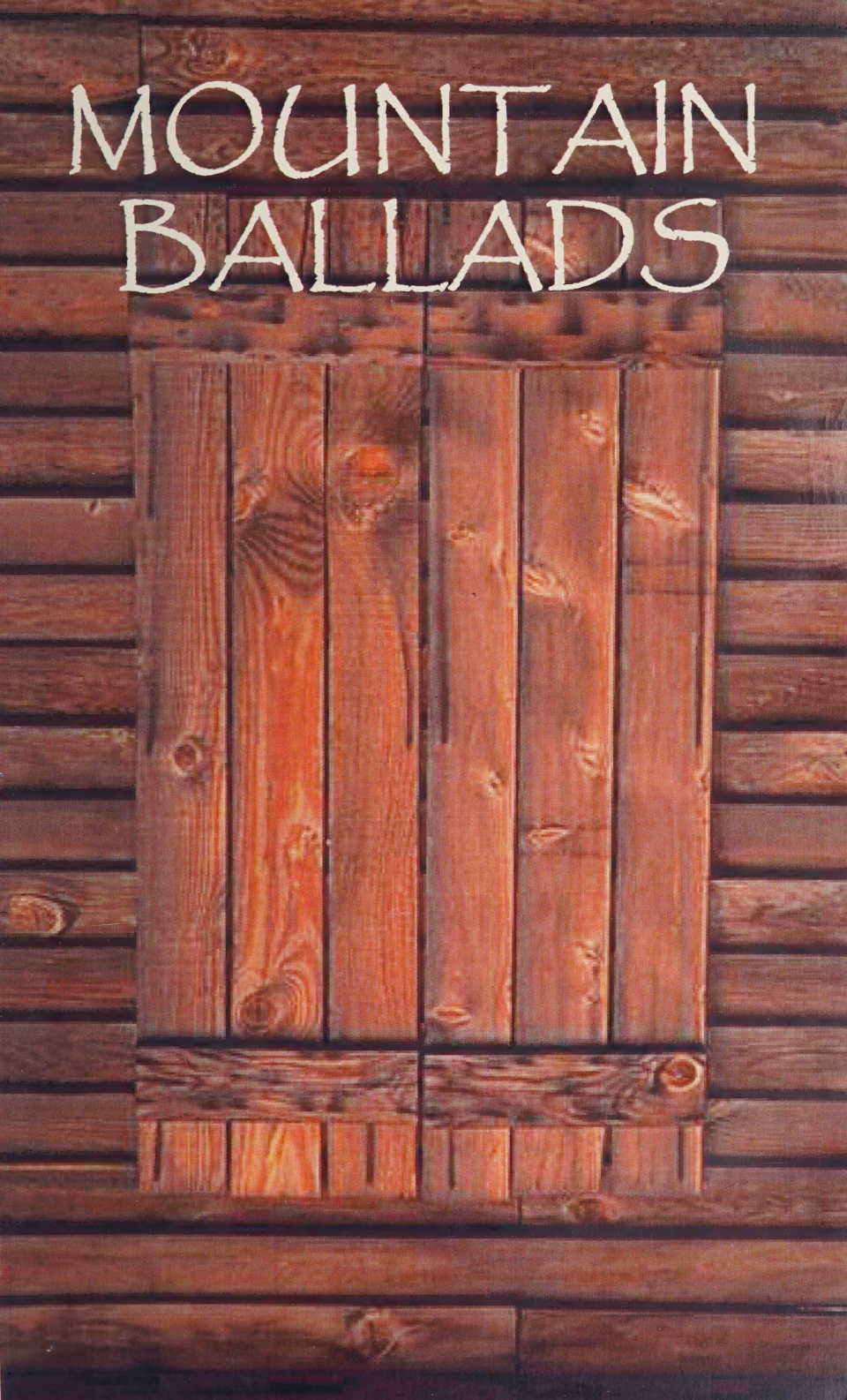
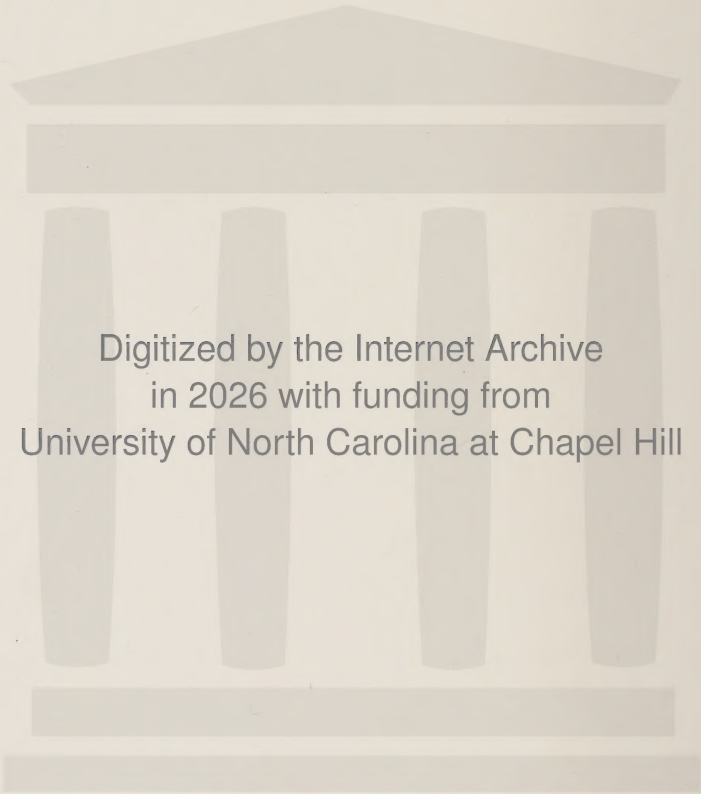
MOUNTAIN BALLADS

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= ? MOUNTAIN BALLADS FOR SOCIAL SINGING
James Watt Raine + C. J. Sharp
Berea 1923

This is a small collection of our Mountain Ballads first published in 1923.

The work of gathering and compiling these wonderful old ballads was done in the hope that we can more fully enjoy this precious inheritance of our mountains, a heritage to be found nowhere else on earth.

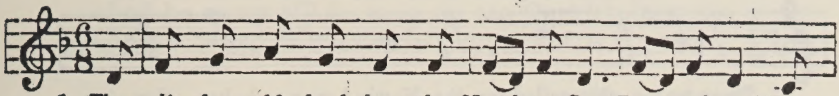
When the English, the Scots, and the Scotch-Irish left their homes in such numbers at the close of the Elizabethan era, they took with them these living ballads that had been handed down to them thru generations, not as curious relics of by-gone days, but like a fife or fiddle, still a familiar and usable means of expressing their every day pleasure.

Thus thru these ballads we get the atmosphere and feeling of the Shakespearean times, indeed of times long before. It is the legacy of a people tingling with strength and vitality, with confidence and adaptability; the eager spirit of enterprise and discovery. The delighted imagination of a people's youth- all the freshness and unjaded enjoyment of the Elizabethan days, is ours thru direct descent from our foreparents.

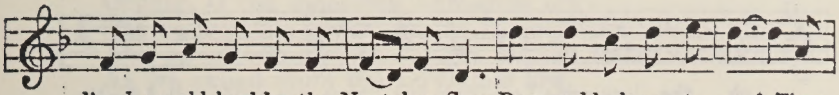
The possession of these ballads is a striking mark of the pure descent, of which let us be proud and thankful.

The Two Sisters.

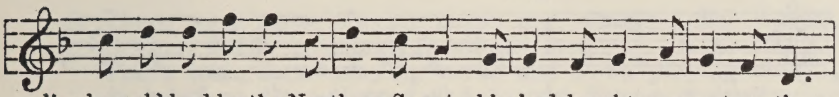
(The Mill-dam of Binnorie.)



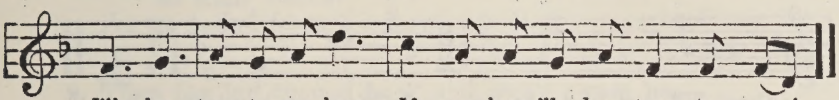
1. There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea, Bow-ee down! There



lived an old lord by the Northern Sea, Bow and balance to me! There



lived an old lord by the Northern Sea, And he had daughters one, two, three,



I'll be true to my love, If my love'll be true to me!

2. A young man came a-courting there,
   Bow-ee down!
   A young man came a-courting there,
   Bow and balance to me!
   A young man came a-courting there,
   And he made choice of the youngest fair.
   I'll be true to my love,
   If my love'll be true to me!

3. He brought this youngest a beaver hat,
   And the oldest sister didn't like that.

4. As they walked down to the water's brim,
   The oldest pushed the youngest in.

5. O sister, O sister, lend me your hand
   And you may have my house and land.

6. She floated down to the miller's dam,
   The miller drew her safe to land.

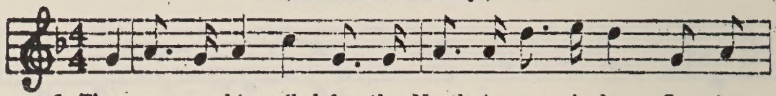
7. And off of her fingers took five gold rings,
   Then into the water he plunged her again.

8. The miller was hanged on a gallows so high,
   The oldest sister there close by.

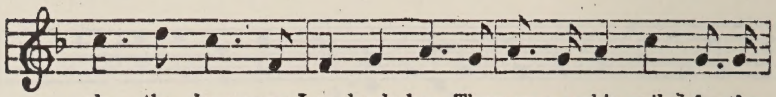
"Bow-ee" shortened from "bow ye."

The Green Willow Tree.

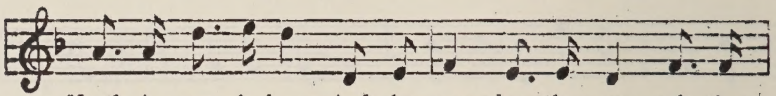
(The Golden Vanity.)



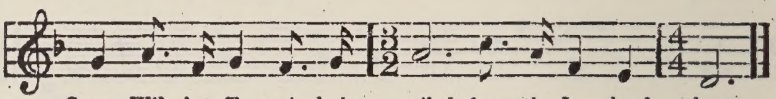
1. There was a ship sailed for the North A-mer - i - kee, Cry - ing



oh, the lone-some Low-lands low. There was a ship sailed for the



North A - mer - i - kee, And she went by the name of the



Green Wil - low Tree, And she sailed from the Low-lands low.

2. She'd only been a-sailing for two weeks or three—
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low—†
She'd only been a-sailing for two weeks or three,
Till she was overtaken by the Turkish Reveree *
As she sailed from the Lowlands low.

3. Then said the captain, What shall we do?
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
Then said the captain, What shall we do?
The Turkish Reveree will surely cut us in two!
As we sail from the Lowlands low.

4. Up spake a sailor boy, What will you give to me,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
Up spake a sailor boy, What will you give to me,
If I will go and sink for you the Turkish Reveree
As we sail from the Lowlands low?

5. I'll give you gold, I'll give you fee,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
I'll give you gold, I'll give you fee,
And my only daughter for your wedded wife to be!
As we sailed from the Lowlands low.

† Lowlands usually referred to Holland.
* Old Scottish word for robber.

6. The lad leapt down and away swam he,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low,
He fell upon his breast and away swam he,
And he swam till he came to the Turkish Reveree,
As we sailed from the Lowlands low.

7. Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew,
And he bored nine holes for to let the water through,
As we sailed from the Lowlands low.

8. There were some playing cards and some playing checks,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
There were some playing cards and some playing checks,
And before they cleared the boards, they were in water
to their necks!
As we sailed from the Lowlands low.

9. Then the lad turned back and away swam he,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
Then he fell upon his breast and away swam he.
And he swam till he came to the Green Willow Tree
As we sailed from the Lowlands low.

10. Cried he, Kind Captain, I have done your decree,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
Cried he, Kind Captain I have done your decree,
Now take me on board ere I perish in the sea!
As we sailed from the Lowlands low!

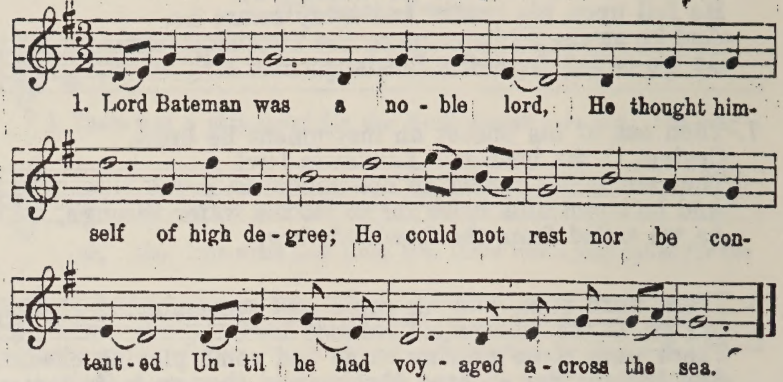
11. Nay, nay, sailor boy, I'll never take you on board,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
Nay, nay, sailor boy, I'll never take you on board;
Never will I be to you as good as my word!
As we sailed for the Lowlands low.

12. 'Tis only the respect that I have for your crew,
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
'Tis only the respect that I have for your crew
Or I'd sink your ship and you with it too!
As we sailed from the Lowlands low.

13. Then he fell upon his breast and away swam he;
Crying, O the lonesome Lowlands low!
He fell upon his breast and away swam he;
Adieu, adieu to the Green Willow Tree!
Adieu to the Lowlands low.

WILSON
NcU

Turkish Lady.


1. Lord Bateman was a no - ble lord, He thought him-
self of high de - gree; He could not rest nor be con-
tent - ed Un - til he had voy - aged a - cross the sea.

2. He sailed east and he sailed westward,
Until he reached the Turkish shore;
And there he was taken and put in prison,
He lived in hopes of freedom no more.

3. The Turkish had one only daughter,
The fairest creature eye ever did see.
She stole the keys to her father's prison,
Saying, "Lord Bateman, I'll set free."

4. "Have you got houses? have you got lands, sir?
Or do you live at a high degree?
What will you give to the fair young lady,
That out of prison will set you free?"

5. "I've got houses, and I've got lands, love—
Half of Northumberland belongs to me,
And I'll give it all to the Turkish Lady,
If she from prison will set me free."

6. "Seven long years I'll make a vow, sir,
Seven more by thirty-three,*
And if you'll marry no other lady,
No other man shall marry me."

8. Then she took him to her father's harbor,
And gave to him a ship of fame;
"Farewell, farewell, to you, Lord Bateman,
I fear I never shall see you again."

3. For seven long years she kept her vow, sir,
And seven more by thirty-three,
She gathered all her gay, fine clothing,
Saying, "Lord Bateman, I'll go see."

9. She sailed east and she sailed westward,
Until she reached the English shore;
And when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
She lighted down before the door.

"Are these Lord Bateman's gay, fine houses?
And is his lordship here within?"
"Oh yes, oh yes," cried the proud young porter,
"He has just taken his young bride in."

11. "Go tell him to send me a slice of cake,
And draw me a glass of the strongest wine,
And not to forget the fair young lady,
That did release him when close confined."

12. "What news, what news, my proud young porter,
What news, what news have you brought to me?"
"O, there is the fairest of all young ladies
That ever my two eyes did see."

13. "She has got rings on every finger,
And on one of them she has got three;
And she's as much gold around her middle
As would buy Northumberland of thee."

14. "She tells you to send her a slice of cake,
And draw her a glass of the strongest wine,
And not forget the fair young lady
That did release you when close confined."

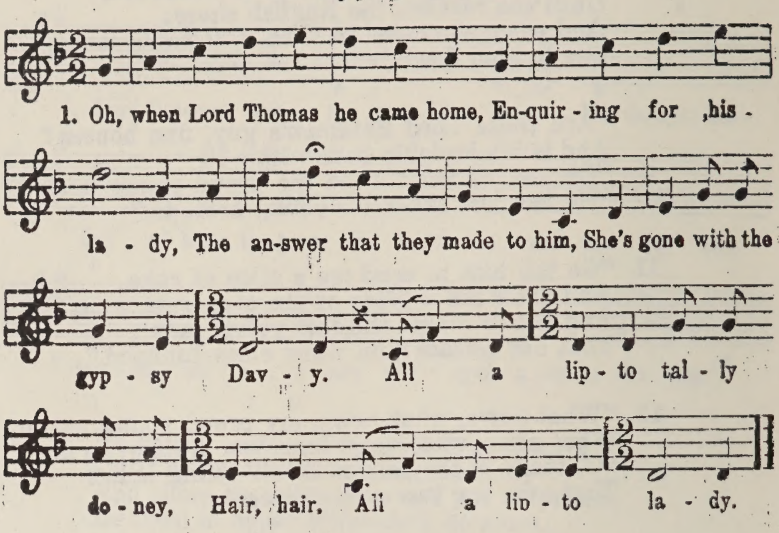
15. Lord Bateman rose from where he was sitting,
His face did look as white as snow,
Saying, "If she is the Turkish Lady,
With her, love, I'm bound to go."

16. O, then, he spoke to the young bride's mother,
"She's none the better nor worse for me;
She came to me on a horse and saddle,
And she may go back in a carriage and three."

17. "Your daughter came here on a horse and saddle
And she may return in a chariot free.
And I'll go marry the Turkish Lady
That crossed the roaring sea for me."

* Evidently the singer forgot and put in this line to fill the gap.

The Gypsy Laddie.


1. Oh, when Lord Thomas he came home, En-quir - ing for his -
la - dy, The an-swer that they made to him, She's gone with the
gyp - sy Dav - y. All a lip - to tal - ly
do - ney, Hair, hair. All a lip - to la - dy.

2. It's he caught up his old grey horse,
And he caught up his pony;
He rode all night and he rode all day
Till he overtook his doney.*

3. It's come go back, my dearest dear,
It's come go back, my honey,
It's come go back, my dearest dear,
And you never shall lack for money.

4. I won't go back, my dearest dear,
Nor I won't go back, my honey;
I wouldn't give a kiss from my gypsy's lips
For you and all your money.

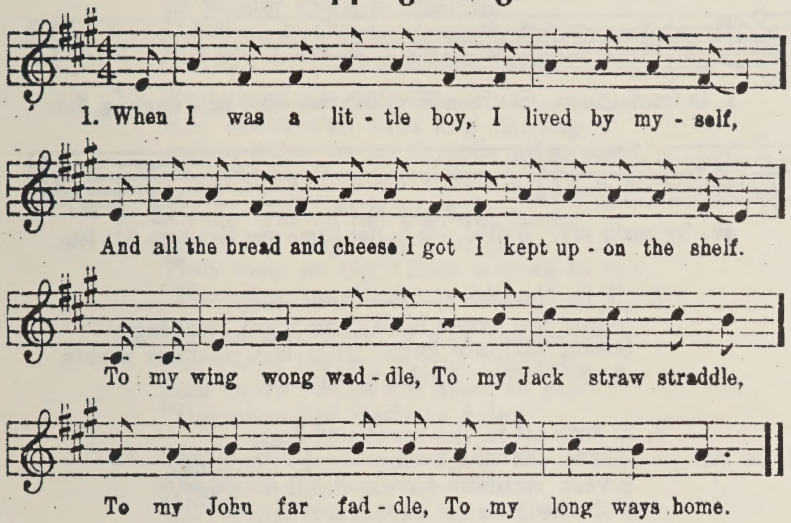
5. It's go pull off those snow-white gloves
A-made of Spanish leather,,
And give to me your lily-white hand
And bid me farewell forever.

6. It's she pulled off those snow-white gloves
A-made of Spanish leather,
And gave to him her lily-white hand
And bade him farewell forever.

7. I once did have so many fine things,
Fine feather-beds and money;
But now my bed is made of hay
And the gypsies a-dancing around me.

*Doney—Sweetheart, probably from Spanish Donna.

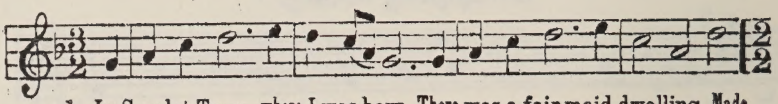
Swapping Song.


1. When I was a lit - tle boy, I lived by my - self,
And all the bread and cheese I got I kept up - on the shelf.
To my wing wong wad - dle, To my Jack straw straddle,
To my John far fad - dle, To my long ways home.

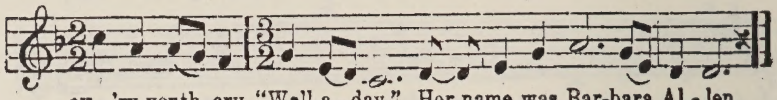
2. The rats and the mice they led me such a life
I had to go to London to buy me a wife.
3. The creeks were so wide and the lanes were so narrow
I had to bring her home in an old wheelbarrow.
4. My foot it slipped and I got me a fall,
And down came my wheelbarrow, wife and all.
5. I swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,
And then I rode from cross to cross.*
7. I swapped my horse and got me a mare,
And then I rode from fair to fair.
7. I swapped my mare and got me a mule,
And then I rode like a doggone fool.
8. I swapped my mule and got me a cow,
And in that trade I just learned how.
9. I swapped my cow and I got me a calf.
And in the trade I lost just half.
10. I swapped my calf and I got me a sheep,
And then I rode till I went to sleep.
11. I swapped my sheep and I got me a hen—
Oh, what a pretty thing I had then.
12. I swapped my hen and got me a rat;
I set it on the haystack with two little cats.
13. I swapped my rat and I got me a mole—
And the doggone thing went straight to its hole!

*Many villages in England and Scotland have, or had, a stone cross set up in the public square. It was erected as a monument by some prominent or wealthy citizen.

Barbara Allen.



1. In Scarlet Town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwelling, Made



ev - 'ry youth cry, "Well-a - day," Her name was Bar-bara Al - len.

2. All in the merry month of May,
When the green buds they were swelling,
Sweet William came from the western states
And courted Barbara Allen.

3. It was all in the month of June
When all things they were blooming,
Sweet William on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barabra Allen.

*4. He sent his servant to the town,
Where Barbara was a-dwelling,
My master is sick and sent for you
If your name is Barbara Allen.

5. And death is painted on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing,
Then hasten away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.

6. So slowly, slowly, she got up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said when she got there,
Young man, I think you are dying.

7. Oh, yes, I'm sick, and very sick,
For death is on me dwelling
No better, no better I never can be
If I can't get Barbara Allen.

8. Oh, yes, you are sick, and very sick,
And death is on you dwelling,
No better, no better you never will be,
For you can't get Barbara Allen.

9. Oh, don't you remember in yonder town
When you were at the tavern
You drank a health to the ladies all 'round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?

10. Oh, yes, I remember in yonder town,
In yonder town a drinking,
I gave a health to the ladies all 'round,
But my heart to Barbara Allen.

11. He turned his pale face to the wall,
And death was with him dealing,
Adieu, adieu to my friends all around,
Be kind to Barbara Allen.

12. As she was on her highway home,
The birds they kept a-singing,
They sang so clear they seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

13. As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the death bell knelling,
And every stroke did seem to say
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

14. She looked to the east and she looked to the west,
She spied his corpse a-coming.
Lay down, lay down, the corpse of clay,
That I may look upon him.

15. The more she looked, the more she mourned,
Till she fell to the ground a-crying
Saying, Take me up and carry me home,
For I am now a-dying.

16. O mother, O mother, go make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,
And I shall die for sorrow.

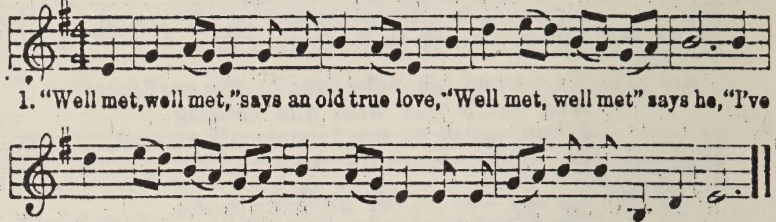
17. O father, O father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it long and narrow;
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

18. She was buried in the old church yard,
And he was buried a-nigh her.
On William's grave there grew a red rose,
And on Barbara's grew a green brier.

19. They grew to the top of the old church wall,
Till they couldn't grow any higher,
They lapped and they tied in a true lover's knot,
And the rose grew around the brier.

*The ballad singer has a strong dramatic sense, and sees the event taking place vividly before his eyes. So he drops into direct dialogue without stopping to tell us who is speaking. If we keep the scene vividly before our imagination, we can follow the action, and the lack of quotation marks will not trouble us.

The Demon Lover.


1. "Well met, well met," says an old true love, "Well met, well met" says he, "I've
come from far a - cross the sea, And it's all for the sake of thee."

2. O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they'll bring bitter strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I have become a wife.

3. O I could have married a king's daughter,
And she would have married me,
But I've forsaken those crowns of gold,
And it's all for the sake of thee.

4. If you could have married the king's daughter,
I'm sure you are to blame,
For I have married a house-carpenter,
And I think he's a nice young man.

5. If you will leave your house-carpenter,
And go along with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green,
On the banks of the sweet Italy.

6. If I was to leave my house-carpenter
And go along with thee,
What have you got to maintain me on
And keep me from slavery?

7. I've seven ships upon the sea,
Seven more upon dry land,
A hundred and twenty bold seamen
You may have at your command.

8. She turned herself three times around,
And looked at her babies three,
Goodbye, goodbye, my sweet little babes,
Keep your father company.

9. They'd just been a-sailing about two weeks—
I'm sure it was not three—
Till this fair lady began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

10. Now is it for your lands you weep?
Or is it for your store?
Or is it for your house-carpenter
That you will see no more?

11. It's neither for my lands I weep,
Nor is it for my store—
It's all for the love of my sweet little babes,
That I will see no more.

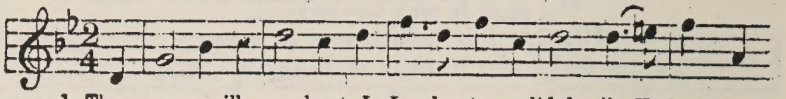
12. They sailed, they sailed, two weeks or three—
I'm sure it was not four—
Till the ship sprang a leak, and sank in the sea,
And sank to rise no more.

13. What hills, what hills, my false true-love?*
What hills so black and blue?
The hills you see are the hills of hell,
Awating both me and you.

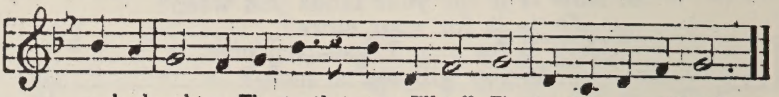
14. What hills, what hills, my false true-love?
What hills as white as snow?
The hills you see are the hills of heaven,
Where you and I can't go.

*The term "true-love" meant a suitor merely. The adjective did not certify to his faithfulness.

Jackaro.



1. There was a silk merchant, In London town did dwell; He had one



on-ly daughter, The truth to you I'll tell, The truth to you I'll tell.

2. This lady she was courted
By men of high degree.
"No! None but Jacky Frasier
Will ever do for me."

3. I'll lock you in my dungeon
And keep you there confined,
If there's none but Jacky Frazier
Will ever suit your mind.

4. O father, cruel father,
My heart you can't confine:
There's none but Jacky Frasier
Can win this heart of mine.

5. When her parents saw him coming,
They flew in angry way;
She gave him forty shillings
To bear him far away.

6. He sailed all on the ocean
And o'er the deep blue sea,
Till safely he got landed
In the wars of Germanie.

7. She went into the tailor's shop;
She dressed in men's array;
She went to some big captain,
To bear her far away.

8. Before you step on board, sir,
Your name I'd like to know.
She smiled all in his countenance,
They call me Jackaro.

9. Your fingers are too slender,
Your waist too neat and small,
Your cheeks too red and rosy--
To face the cannon ball.

10. I know my waist is slender,
My fingers they are small,
But it would not change my countenance
To see ten thousand fall.

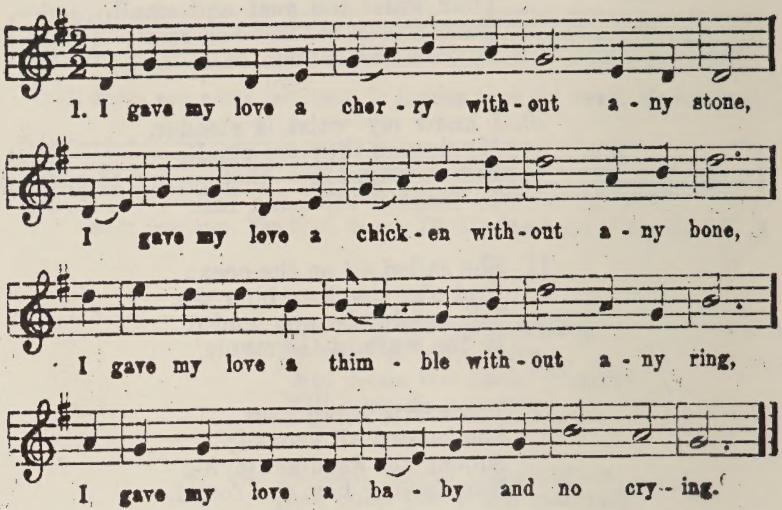
11. She sailed all on the ocean
And o'er the deep blue sea,
Till safely she got landed
In the wars of Germanie.

12. The battle being over,
She hunted all around;
Among the dead and dying
Her darling boy she found.

13. She picked him up all in her arms,
And carried him to town,
And called a London doctor
To heal his bleeding wounds.

14. So happy and contented,
They quickly did agree;
So stylish, they got married—
And why not you and me?

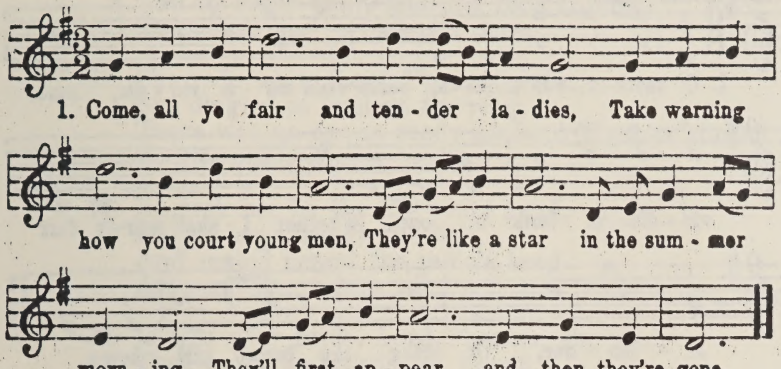
Riddle Song.


1. I gave my love a cher - ry with - out a - ny stone,
I gave my love a chick - en with - out a - ny bone,
I gave my love a thim - ble with - out a - ny ring,
I gave my love a ba - by and no cry - ing.

2. How can there be a cherry without any stone?
How can there be a chicken without any bone?
How can there be a thimble without any ring?
How can there be a baby and no crying?

3. The cherry in the bloom it's without any stone.
The chicken in the shell it's without any bone.
The thimble when it's rolling it's without any ring.
The baby when it's sleeping it's no crying.

Come, all ye Fair and Tender Ladies.


1. Come, all ye fair and ten - der la - dies, Take warning
how you court young men, They're like a star in the sum - mer
morn - ing. They'll first ap - pear and then they're gone.

2. They'll tell to you some loving story
And make you think that they love you true;
Straightway they'll go and court some other—
Oh, that is the love they have for you.

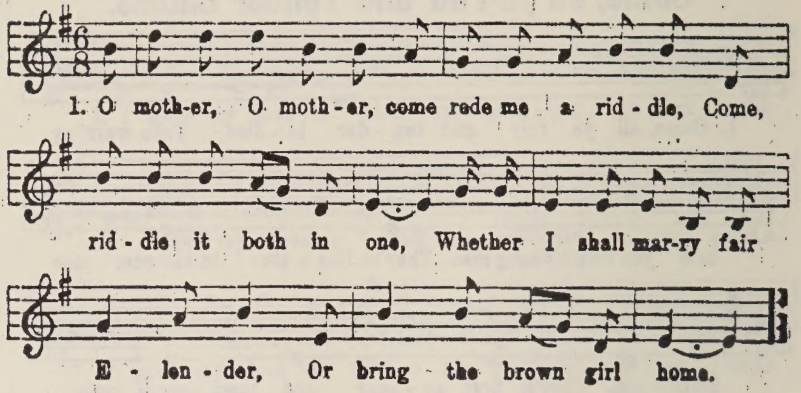
3. If I had known before I courted
That love had been so hard to gain,
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden
And fastened it up with a silver chain.

4. I wish I were some little sparrow,
And I had wings and I could fly:
I'd fly away to my false true-love,
And when he'd talk I would be by.*

5. But as it is I am no sparrow,
I have no wings, nor can I fly:
I sit down here in a grief and sorrow
And try to pass my troubles by.

*To "talk" means, as in Shakespeare, to make love to a lady.

Lord Thomas and Fair Elender.


1. O moth-er, O moth-er, come rede me a rid-dle, Come,
rid-dle it both in one, Whether I shall mar-ry fair
E-len-der, Or bring the brown girl home.

2. The brown girl, she has house and lands,
   Fair Elender, she has none;
   Therefore, dear child, under my consent,
   Go bring the brown girl home.

3. He dressed himself in scarlet red;
   His waiters all in green;
   And in every town that he rode through
   They took him to be some king.

4. He rode up to fair Elender's gate;
   He dingled so loud on the ring,
   There's no one so ready as fair Elender
   To rise and welcome him in.

5. What news, what news, Lord Thomas? she said,
   What news have you brought unto me?
   I've come to ask you to my wedding,
   The brown girl the bride to be.

6. Mother, oh mother, come rede me a riddle,
   Come riddle it both in one,
   Whether to go to Lord Thomas' wedding
   Or tarry this day at home.

7. Many a one may be your friend,
   And many a one your foe:
   If I should advise you to do best,
   It's tarry this day at home.

8. Many a one may be my friend,
   And many a one my foe;
   I'll venture, I'll venture my own heart's blood
   To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go.

9. She dressed herself in satin so white,
And her waiting maids in green,
And in every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

10. She rode up to Lord Thomas' gate,
She dingled so loud on the ring,
There was no one so ready as Lord Thomas himself
To rise and welcome her in.

11. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through the hall,
And seated her at the table's head
Amongst the nobles all.

12. Is this your bride, Lord Thomas, she said,
That looks so wonderful brown,
When you might have married as fair a lady
As ever the sun shined on.

13. Dispraise her not, fair Ellen, he said,
Dispraise her not unto me,
For I think more of your little finger
Than I do of her whole body.

14. The brown girl had a little pen-knife;
It was both keen and sharp;
Between the short ribs and the long
She pierced fair Elender's heart.

15. What's the matter, fair Ellen? he said.
You look so pale and wan;
You once did bear as good a color
As ever the sun shined on.

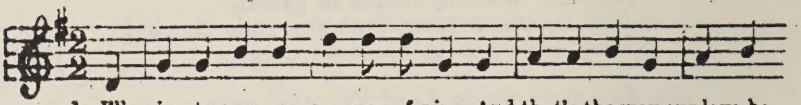
16. Oh, are you blind, Lord Thomas? she said,
Or can't you so very well see?
Don't you see my own heart's blood
Come trinkling down my knee?

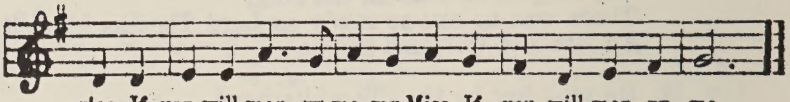
17. He took the brown girl by the hand
And led her over the hall,
And with his sword he cut off her head
And pitched it against the wall.

18. He put the handle against the wall,
The point against his breast,
Adieu, adieu to three dear loves,
God send them all to rest.

19. Go dig my grave both long and large,
And dig it wide and deep,
And bury fair Elender in my arms,
The brown girl at my feet.

A Paper of Pins.





2. I won't accept your paper of pins,
If that's the way our love begins,
And I'll not mary you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

3. I'll give to you a dress of red,
Stitched all around with golden thread,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

4. I won't accept your dress of red,
Stitched all around with golden thread,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

5. I'll give to you a dress of green,
That you may look just like a queen,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

6. I won't accept, etc.

7. I'll give to you a little Tray-dog
To go with you when you walk abroad, etc.

8. I won't accept, etc.

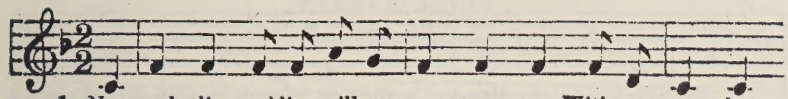
9. I'll give to you a house and land
That you may have at your command, etc.

10 I won't accept, etc.

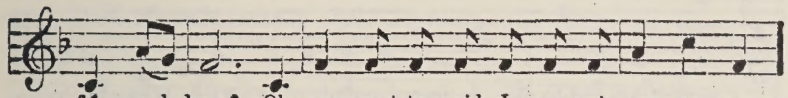
11. I'll give to you the key of my heart,
That we may lock and never part, etc.

12. I do accept the key of your heart,
That we may lock and never part,
And I will marry you, you, you,
Yes, I will marry you.

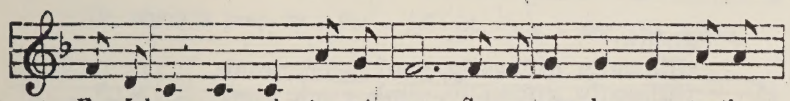
Soldier, Soldier Will You Marry Me?



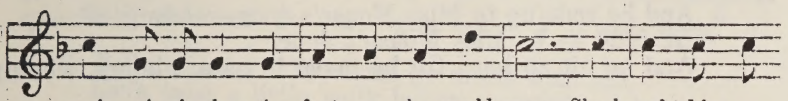
1. Now, sol - dier, soldier will you mar - ry me, With your mus - ket,



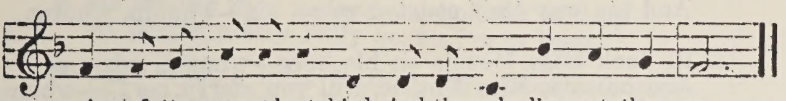
fife and drum? Oh, no, pret-ty maid, I can-not mar - ry you,



For I have no socks to put on. So a - way she ran to the



sock-maker's shop, As fast as she could run; She bought him a

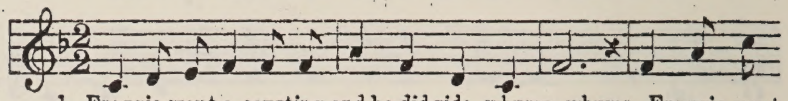


pair of the ver-y best kind, And the sol - dier put them on.

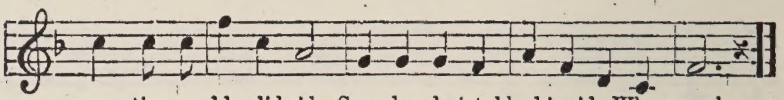
Then follows shoes, suit, hat.

5 Now soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife and drum?
O, no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you
With a wife and baby at home.

The Frog and the Mouse.



1. Froggie went a-courting and he did ride, whump, whump, Froggie went



a-courting, and he did ride, Sword and pistol by his side, Whump, whump.

Refrain:
Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk.
Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk.

2. And he rode up to Miss Mouse's door—whump, whump
He rode up to Miss Mouse's door,
And he hit so hard till he made it roar, whump, whump.

3. Then Miss Mousie let him in—whump, whump.
And the way they courted was a sin—whump, whump.

4. He took Miss Mousie on his knee—whump, whump.
And he said, Miss Mousie, will you marry me?"—whump, whump.

5. Before, kind sir, I can answer that—whump, whump.
I'll have to see my uncle Rat—whump, whump.

6. Uncle Rat gave his consent—whump, whump.
The weasel wrote the publishment—whump, whump.

7. Oh, where shall the wedding supper be?—whump, whump.
Way down yonder in a hollow tree—whump, whump.

8. What shall the wedding supper be?—whump, whump.
Dogwood soup and catnip tea—whump, whump.

9. And the first came in was a little white moth—whump, whump.
And she spread on the tablecloth—whump, whump.

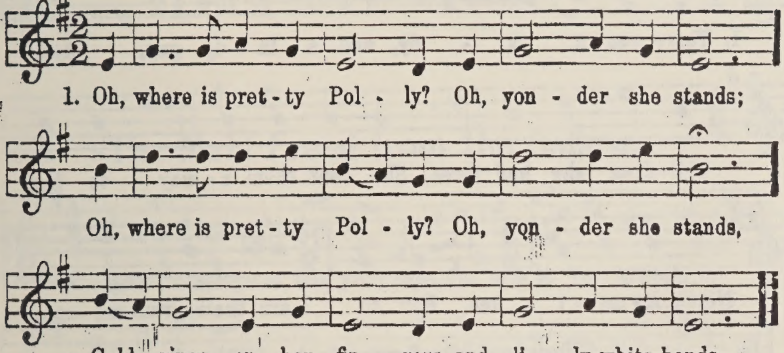
10. Next came in was a Bumble Bee—whump, whump.
Totin' his fiddle on his knee—whump, whump.

11. The frog came swimming o'er the lake—whump, whump
The frog came swimming o'er the lake,
And he was swallowed by a big black snake—whump, whump.

Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk.
Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk.

Pretty Polly.

(The Cruel Ship's Carpenter.)


1. Oh, where is pret - ty Pol - ly? Oh, yon - der she stands;
Oh, where is pret - ty Pol - ly? Oh, yon - der she stands,
Gold rings on her fin - gers and li - ly white hands.

2. Polly, pretty Polly, come go along with me,
Let's take a little walk before married we be.

3. He led her thru valleys and hollows so deep
At length pretty Polly began for to weep.

4. They went a little further, she chanced to espy
She saw her grave dug and the spade lying by.

5. She threw her arms around him in spite of her fear
How can you kill a poor girl that has loved you so dear?

6. O Polly, O Polly, we have no time to stand,
He instantly drew a sharp knife in his hand.

7. He pierced her thru the heart, and the blood it did flow,
And into the grave her fair body did throw.

8. He covered her up and he turned to go home
And left nothing but small birds to sing their sad moan.

9. His ship was lying ready, all on the sea side,
He swore by his Maker he'd sail the other side.

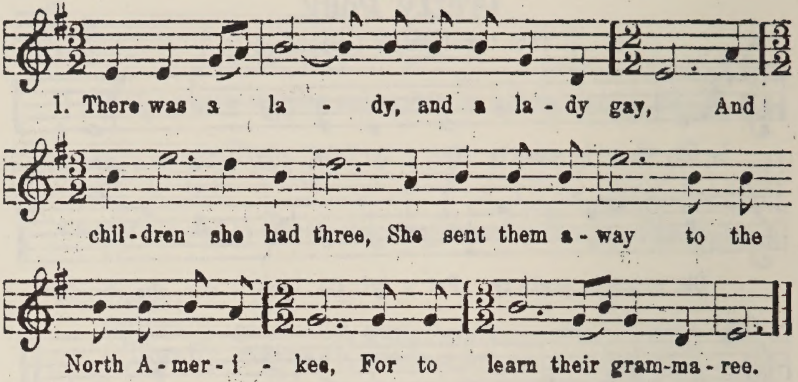
10. And whilst he was sailing, in full heart's content,
The ship sprung a leak, to the bottom she went.

11. And there was pretty Polly, all in a gore of blood,
In her lily-white arms was an infant to God.*

12. O William, O William, you've no time to stay,
There's a debt to the Devil that you're bound to pay.

*Probably a strong form of affirmation. "He's an honest to God Surveyor" or "a shore to God surveyor" means that he really is a surveyor, the speaker calls God to witness. The expression in stanza eleven seems to mean "I call God to witness, she had an infant in her arms."

Lady Gay.


1. There was a la - dy, and a la - dy gay, And
chil - dren she had three, She sent them a - way to the
North A - mer - i - kee, For to learn their gram-ma - ree.

2. They had been gone but a little time,
Three months perhaps and a day,
When sickness swept all over the land,
And took those babes away.

3. It was about old Christmas time,*
The nights being long and cold,
She dreamed she saw her sweet little babes
Come running to their home.

4. She prayed if there was a king in heaven,
Who chose to wear a crown
That he would send them home that night,
Or in the morning soon.

5. She spread for them a milk-white cloth.
And on it put bread and wine,
Come sit you down my pretty babes,
Come eat and drink of mine.

6. We may not eat of your bread, mother,
Nor drink none of your wine.
For yonder stands our Savior dear,
And to him we must join.

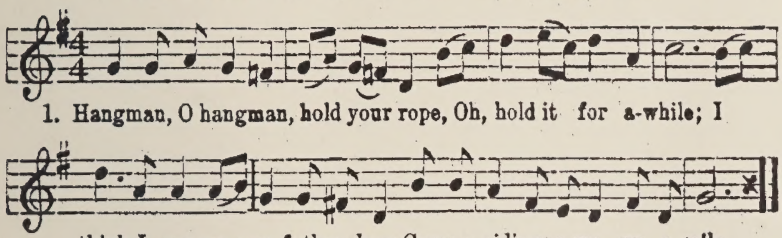
7. She spread a bed in the backward room,
And on it she put a white sheet,
On top of that a golden spread,
For to make the sweeter sleep.

8. Awake, awake, said the eldest son,
Now soon the cock will crow;
I see our Savior smiling down,
And to him we must go.

* On Old Christmas, January 6, the spirits communicate with friends.

9. Cold clods of clay lie over our heads,
Green grass grows at our feet,
You've shed tears enough for us, mother,
For to wet a winding sheet.

The Maid Freed from the Gallows.



2. Father, O father have you gold,
Or silver to set me free?
Or have you come here to see me hung
On yon high gallows tree?

3. No, daughter, no, I have no gold
Nor silver to set you free;
But I have come to see you hung
On yon high gallows tree.

Three similar stanzas follow for her mother, three more for her brother, then her sister and finally her true love, but the last stanza runs—

15. Yes, true love, yes, I have some gold,
And silver to set you free,
For I've not come here to see you hung
On yon high gallows tree.

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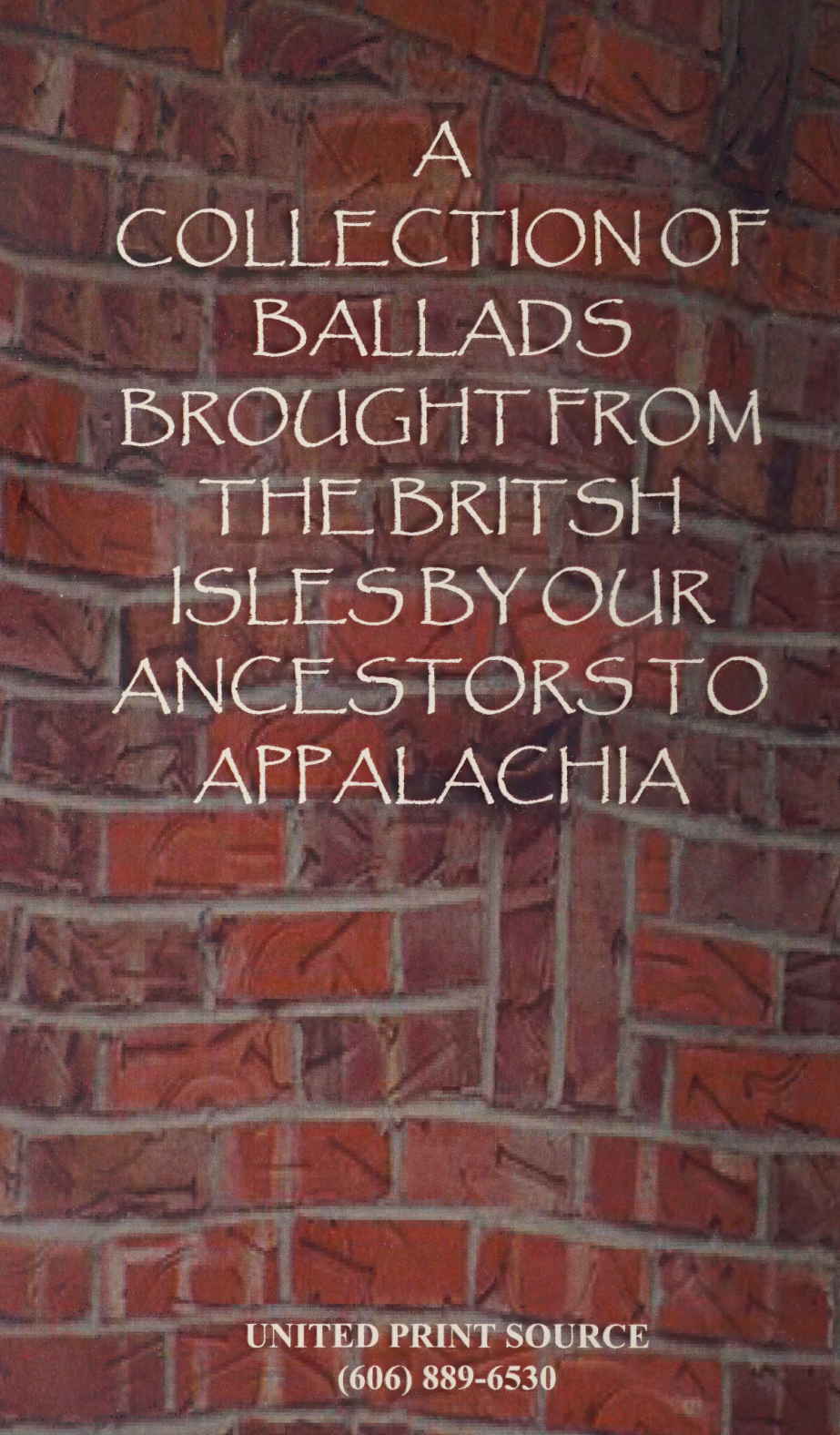

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